

in a poor Countryman upon such an uncommon Occasion, might conjure up the Idea of Lightning. If it was Thunder and Lightning, the Effects of it must be very terrible somewhere; for it gave the same Report, and shook all the Houses just in the same Manner, that were above 20 Miles distant from one another North and South; which I think is an Argument, that it was more general than Thunder can possibly be. I should be glad to know whether or no it was perceived in *London*. I am,

Honoured S I R,

Rosehill, Dec. 12. 1741. *Your most dutiful Grandson,*

J. Fuller.

XXXIV. *A Letter from the Reverend Mr. William Gostling, Minor Canon of the Cathedral Church of Canterbury, to Mr. Peter Collinson, F. R. S. concerning the same Meteor, in Kent.*

Dear S I R,

*Canterbury, Sunday,
Dec. 13. 1741.*

ON *Friday* last the 11th Instant, about One in the Afternoon, I found my House violently shaken for some Seconds of Time, as if several loaded Carriages had been driving against my Walls; and heard a Noise, which at first my Family took for Thunder, but of an uncommon Sound. For my own part, (as I thought Thunder which would shake

us at that rate, would have been much louder) I concluded it an Earthquake: And, going immediately to the Top of my House, found the Sky cloudy, but nothing like a Thunder-cloud in View; only there was a Shower of Rain from the Eastward presently after, and the coldest that I have felt. I thought the Shock an Earthquake, as I told you before; but since find it was attended (and I suppose caused) by a Ball of Fire, which passed with great Rapidity over our Country, from Westward to Eastward, for how long a Journey I cannot tell. It began with Two great Blows, like the Reports of Cannon, (which the Jumbling of my Sashes prevented my distinguishing); and then roll'd away till it was heard no more. The Appearance, I hear, was as that of a very large shooting Star; and it left a Train of Light, which soon disappeared, it being Noon-day. If this was a general thing, your SOCIETY will hear of it from all Parts; if only with us, I suppose this Account will give you some Pleasure. It is the best I am yet able to send you: But I ought to tell you, I met a Pilot To-day, coming from *Deal*, whom I asked about it; and he told me he saw no Fire-ball, but heard the Noise, and that it made the Ship shake he was in, going from *Gravesend* to the *Nore*.

Farewell.

W. Gostling.

See more Accounts of this Matter in the next Transaction.

Addenda to Page 860.

This *Hypocaust* may serve as a Model for *Malt-kilns*, or for drying *Hops*, &c.

A N